

Snake Eyes

Post-Popeye Picto-Fiction

SANDLIN
KAZ
HEAD
TOMPKINS
BUKOWSKI
PIXIE MEAT
& More
Spicy Delights

No. 1



I have no political
agenda.



Snake Eyes



"THE EXPLODING CIGAR
IN YOUR SOUP!"

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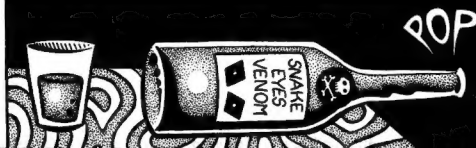
CHARLES BURNS

Mohammed Je
DENNIS WORDE

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PRELUDE TO POP PARADISIO:

Dr. Carlin's tips for spiritual hygiene

In an era when style nearly always wins out over substance, underground comics remain the last bastion of ugly self-expression. Painstakingly drawn for no money and little recognition outside of a few devoted fans, these comics represent an ironic quest to add an element of spirituality to a world gone flat with too much fashion and illusory self-awareness. In SNAKE EYES this ranges from Kaz's recasting of Catholic symbolism into a meaningless modern world in which Satan is just another schlemiel, to the closing epic "Pixie Meat" by Charles Burns, Tom DeHaven and Gary Panter.

In between, the traditions of the comics are lovingly trashed and turned inside out in, among others, Mark Newgardens's one page deconstructions, Glenn Head's recognition that the world is rated "X", David Sandlin's painterly meditations on the relation between popular sentiment and sub-conscious emotions, Mark Leyner's obsessive confusion between body and mind, and Jonathon Rosen's eerie evocation of a time when popular culture allowed its id to creep much closer to the surface. Despite vast temperamental differences, all the work in SNAKE EYES is tied together by a sense that something new and unaccounted for exists today in America that we can all feel but isn't acknowledged in the mainstream.

From the moment MAD struck America in a jugular vein, through ZAP's scurrilous sabotage of the turned-on generation, and up to the exquisitely shattered obsessions of RAW, artists have used the comics to express aspects of contemporary life that could not be articulated elsewhere. Posing as throwaway pulp fiction for misfits, underground comics, at their best, remind us of the nasty underworld hiding beneath the happy one-dimensional society endlessly repeated in the mass media.

SNAKE EYES proves the continued potency of underground comics to tell it like it is, and exhibits the extraordinary range of corrosive art simmering beneath the vast superficial hyper-market of American art and culture. In "Pixie Meat," that degeneracy comes to a full boil: the familiar idealized fantasies of the comics have completely lost their moorings and float by in frightening hallucination. The horror is not just in the images themselves, but in our realization that their illogical combination exposes what is really going on in the world around us more accurately than anything we might read about in the news---however Bad.

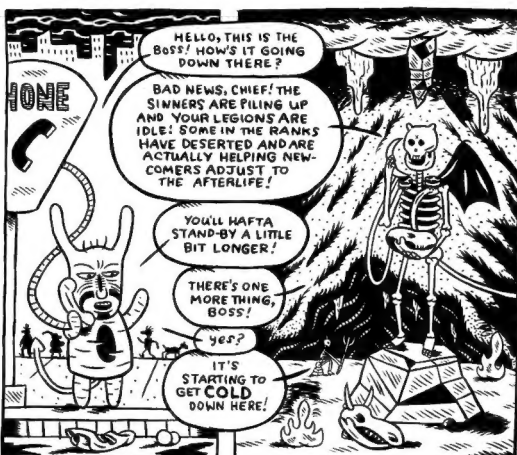
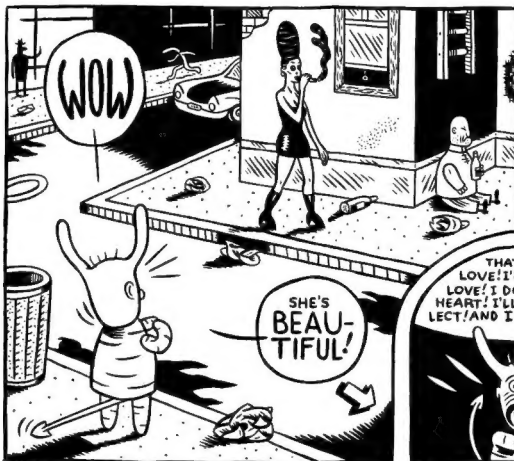
© John Carlin 1990

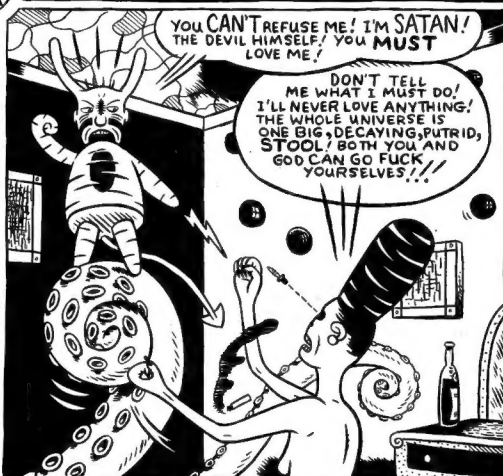
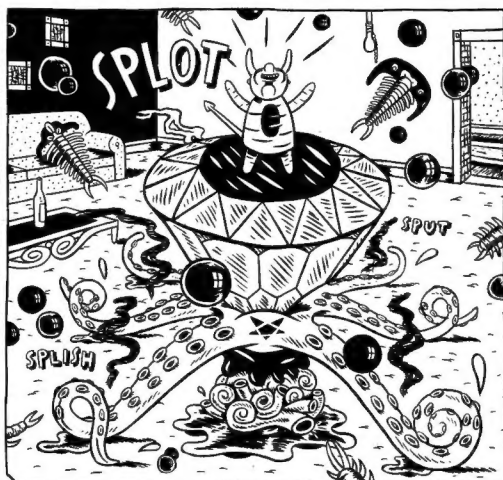
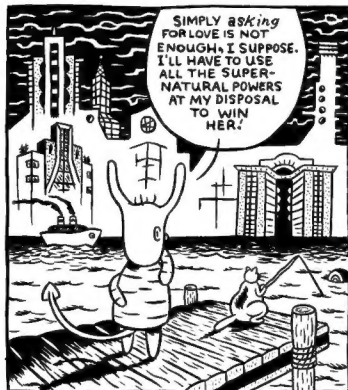


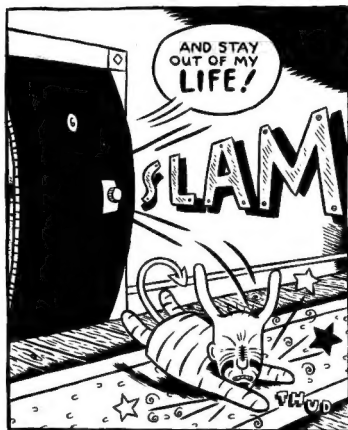


SINCE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN PERSIA IN THE 6TH CENTURY B.C., THE DEVIL HAS UNDERGONE COUNTLESS INTERPRETATIONS AND NAME CHANGES. THROUGH THE CENTURIES HIS POWERS HAVE RISEN AND FALLEN IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE WHIMS AND CULTURES OF MAN. THROUGHOUT IT ALL ANGELS MARIYUK SET, 862526ub, LUCIFER, SATAN, THE DEVIL HAS ALWAYS STOOD FOR NOTHING ELSE BUT THE TOTAL SOURCE OF ALL EVIL. *Doesn't he get tired of being bad?*









AT HELL'S ADMISSIONS OFFICE



nope. NO VIRUS SLUNK HERE!



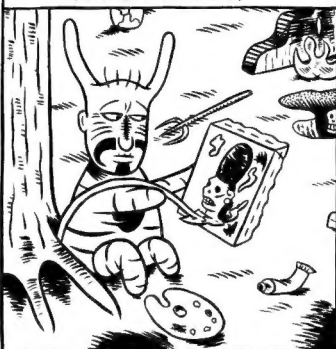
ACCORDING TO THIS HERE --- SHE'S BEEN SENT TO PURGATORY! IT SEEMS THAT AS BAD AS SHE WAS, SHE NEVER FULLY ACCEPTED YOU!



EVENTUALLY IT WARMED UP AGAIN IN SATAN'S KINGDOM, ALTHOUGH IT NEVER GOT QUITE AS THERMAL AS IT USED TO BE.

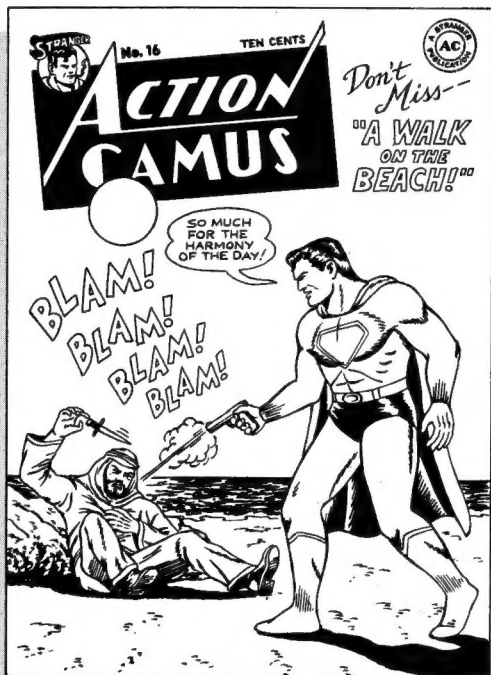
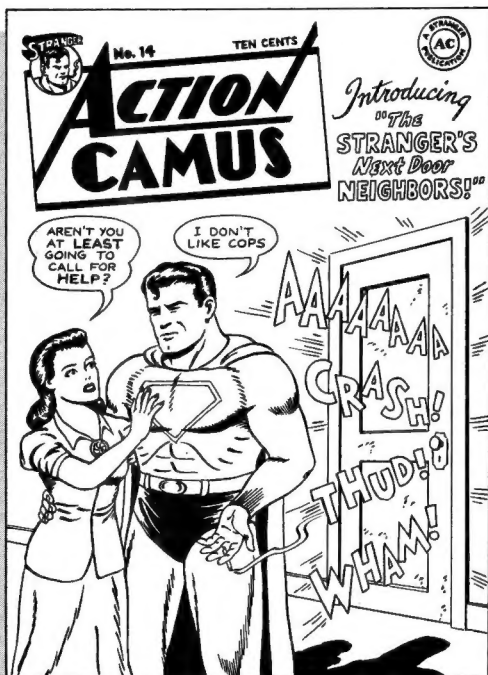


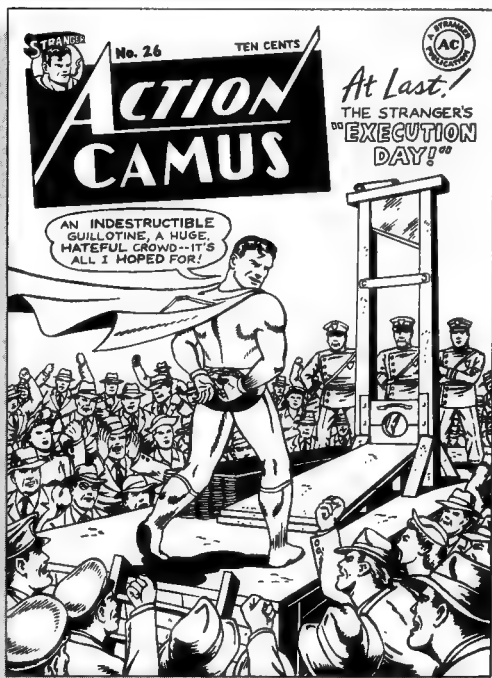
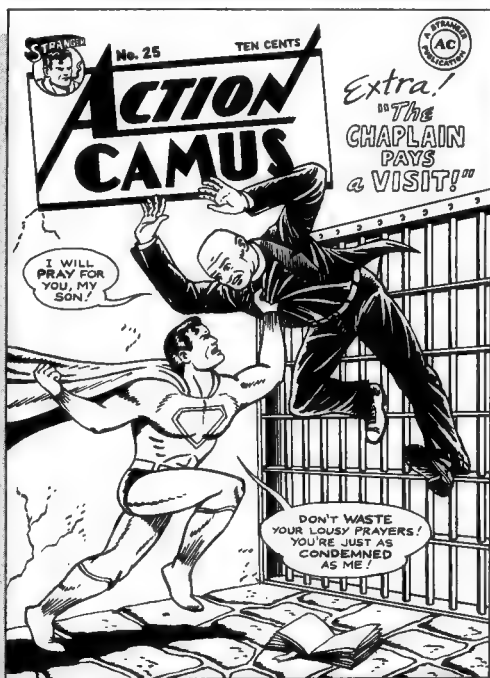
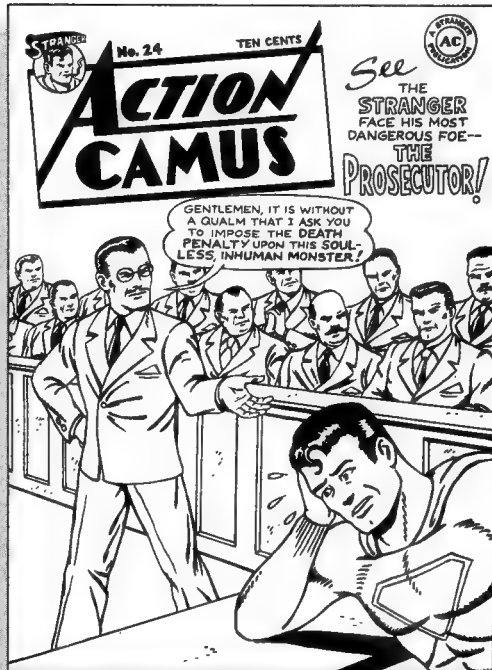
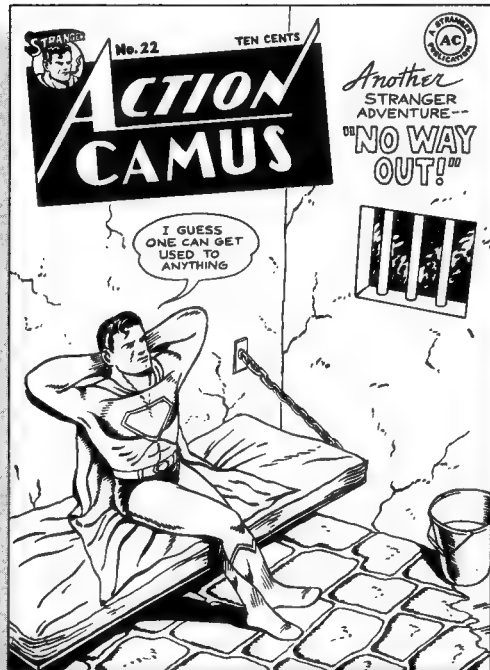
THERE'S A LINE OF ETCHED-IN GRAFFITI! DISCOVERED ON ONE THE UNDERWORLD'S STAGMITES THAT READS: "HELL COMES APART WHEN THE DEVIL GETS A HEART!"



THAT HASN'T HAPPENED YET. BUT HE DID GROW A PULMONARY ARTERY.



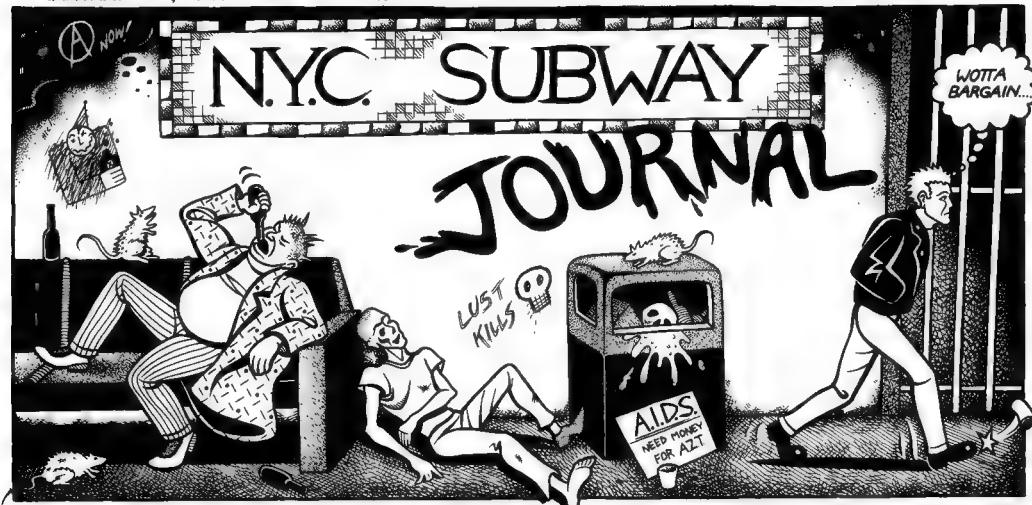




NEWGARDEN



"See—I got this piss problem. I don't exactly know how it all started, but ever since I was a kid I've had this very specific, very particular piss problem. It's like . . . say I gotta piss. I gotta really piss bad. Know what I mean? But I'm doing something else. Maybe playing ball. Maybe I'm on the job. Maybe watching T.V. And I gotta piss. Y'know? Sometimes I think I piss on an above-average basis. I really do hold quite a bit of water. Even when I was born my mom said I pissed like a spaniel. I drink alot. I get thirsty. I'm an active kind of guy. So, here I am, doing something, and this urge strikes me. A little voice goes off in my brain sayin' "You gotta piss." And I do. Cause it's always correct. Guess it's sort of like my unconscious. They say it's "The Call of Nature." So I think "Guess I better find a place to piss." Well, this isn't always an easy thing. Sometimes the facilities are unavailable. Know? But I know eventually I'll find one. I always have. So anyway—I gotta piss. I get to the men's room. Find a stall. Jump in. Unzip my fly. And you'd think "Now here's a guy who's all ready to piss." But y'know what? I don't. I just stand there like a statue. Y'know what I mean? Frozen. And I can't do it. I just can't do it. It's some kind of block. A pisser's block. I just won't flow. So there's the problem. And this has been going on since I was a kid. So anyway, here's what I do. I've got this . . . little thing . . . I've got to say. Not really out loud. In my head. Or under my breath if I'm all by myself. I gotta say this silly stupid little dopey thing. It's really goofy. I'm standing there ready to piss a whole bladder-full of piss. And I can't. So I gotta say: "You're an ape—urinate." Then—woosh! I can piss. Just like that. It's pretty weird I know, but it works. Isn't that something?"











NEWGARDEN

SAD BUT TRUE

Rosalie



Staten
Island
Mom

Stevie



born 8/1/71
died 11/6/83

Laurie



born 3/4/72
died 11/22/84

Chuckie



born 12/28/73
died 12/9/85

Louie



Staten
Island
Dad

Bonnie



born 11/21/74
died 11/21/86

Vinnie



born 6/24/75
died 11/23/87

Angie



born 2/4/76
died 12/6/88

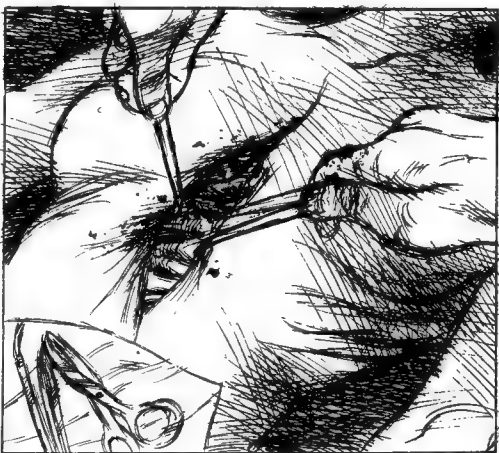
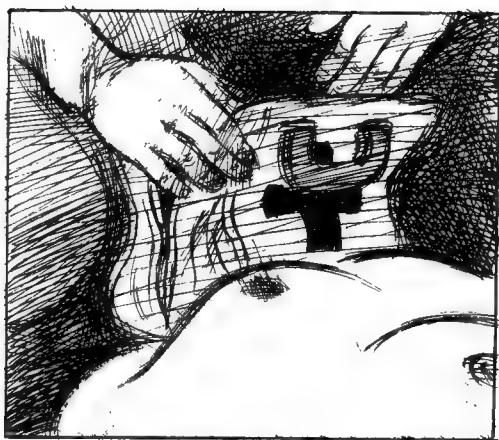
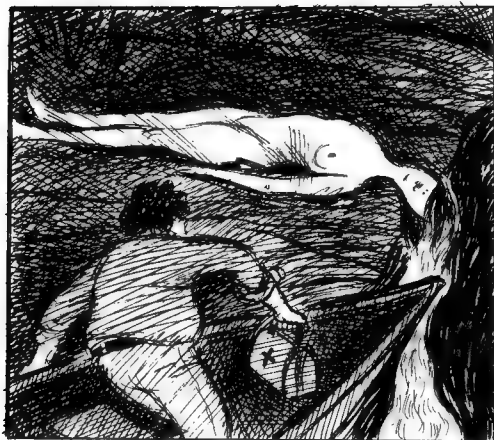


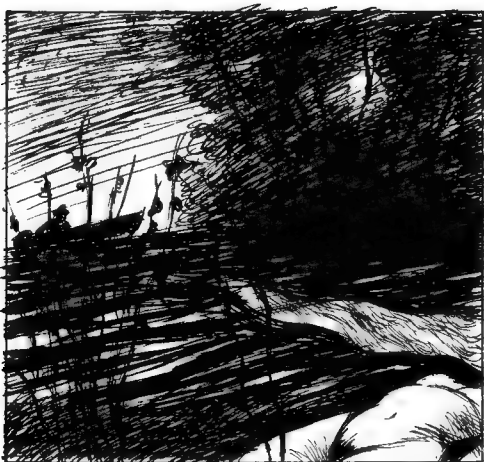
Mrs. Rosalie DiCathartoid of 47 Bedudsa Mews, S.I. buried the last of her offspring in the sixth tragic parka-related death among the touchy DiCathartoid tots. The eleven-year-old Angie was reportedly "pushed to the brink" by the social stigma connected with the severely frayed elastic cuffs on the hand-me-down parka, a parka which so peeved each successive DiCathartoid sibling that each was driven to an unnatural demise at his own wooly mits.

This less than beloved garment was purchased at "a healthy savings" at an off-season K-Mart Savings Bonanza by budget-minded Rosalie—yet allegedly never fit any of the family members quite right; various aspects of the cut and material frustrating each of the style-conscious DiCathartoids in a different manner inevitably resulting in shame and agony which, coupled with peer mockery finally erupted into a private reversible polyester hell for Rosalie's entire crew.

"I guess my kids just don't like that parka" bawled Mrs. D. as she signed an agreement to place the discount raiment of wholesale destruction in cold storage. "I knew I should have done this after Stevie but how could I bring myself to throw out perfectly good late fall-winter wear?"







DOUG ALLEN'S HISTORY OF ART

1 THE ARTIST IS BORN.

HE SHALL BE A FAMOUS ARTIST



2 HE GROWS UP AND ATTENDS ART SCHOOL

I THINK HE LIKED IT. HE GAVE ME SOME IMPORTANT CRITICISM.

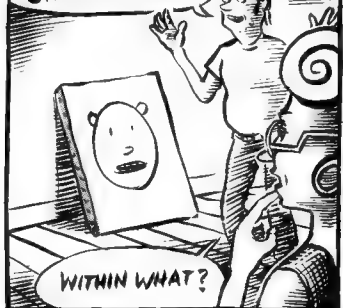
HE'S A MARVELOUS PROFESSOR.

HE DON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT MINE.



4 A GALLERY OWNER WITH VISION AGREES TO SHOW THE ARTIST'S WORK.

IT REPRESENTS THE STRUGGLE WITHIN



5 THE GALLERY SELLS THE WORK



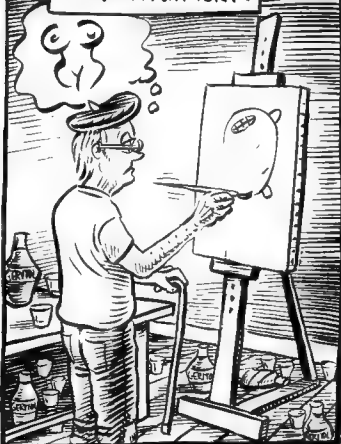
7 THE FAMILY FALLS UPON HARD FINANCIAL TIMES AND IS FORCED TO SELL THE PIECE.

AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

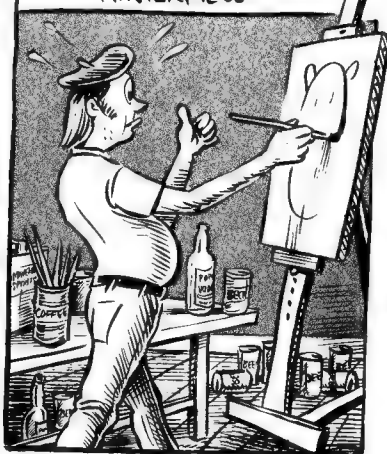
SUCKS



8 THE ARTIST CONTINUES TO "MATURE", BUT NEVER QUITE EQUALS HIS PAST ACCOMPLISHMENT.



3 AS A MATURE PROFESSIONAL ARTIST, HE CREATES HIS "MASTERPIECE"



6 THE PAINTING IS KEPT IN THE FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS



9 YEARS LATER, A SMART COLLECTOR PICKS UP THE PAINTING AT AN AUCTION

I BET THIS IS WORTH SOMETHING!



10 A KEEN CURATOR PURCHASES THE WORK FOR THE PERMANENT COLLECTION OF A MAJOR MUSEUM.

HHMMM INTERESTING. HHMMM



11 THE PAINTING ACHIEVES INTERNATIONAL FAME AS AN EXAMPLE OF "PURE GENIUS"

HEY LOOK, ISN'T THAT A JOHN GNAGY?



12 THE PAINTING IS SLASHED BY AN ANGRY YOUNG ICONOCLAST



13 A HALF HEARTED ATTEMPT IS MADE TO REPAIR IT.

IT'S VERY BADLY DAMAGED



14 THE CIVILIZATION CRUMBLES AND THE SANDS OF TIME COVER THE ENDEAVORS OF MAN



15 ARCHAEOLOGISTS DISCOVER THE PAINTING AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

OH MY GOD, A WELL PRESERVED ANCIENT PAINTING. SWEET!



16 EXPERTS EXAMINE THE ARTIFACT FOR CLUES ABOUT CULTURE WHICH CREATED IT.

IT WAS OBVIOUSLY SLASHED IN A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

YES. UNDOUBTEDLY



17 MODERN RESTORATION TECHNIQUES ALLOW THEM TO RETURN THE PAINTING TO ITS ORIGINAL GLORY

IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW.



18 THE ARTWORK IS DISPLAYED SO THAT FUTURE GENERATIONS MAY LEARN FROM IT.

WOW

WHY CAN'T HUMANS PAINT LIKE THAT TODAY?

A.D. 1157

A.D. 1989

IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CULTURE

LOOK JUNIOR, ANCIENT ART.



ALL IN ALL, ART HAS COME A LONG WAY. WHO KNOWS WHERE IT WILL GO IN THE FUTURE?

INIEWGARDIEN

CONFLICT

Brothers fighting over walnuts. Two brothers fighting over a cardboard box of walnuts. Gary and Harry. Make that a paper sack. So there's a fight going on. A big fight. Coming to blows. These guys are in their fifties. Big strapping dock-working lumberjacking truckdriving cementchucking miners. Never collected stamps. Never even used 'em. Teeth the size of detergent boxes. Fists the size of state capitals. Gary punches his brother in the stomach. Make that the LABONZA. These guys play for keeps. Chips on their shoulders the size of German Shepards. "OK—OK—You can keep the goddamn walnuts." Tongues the size of veal flanks. "Damn right." 611 tiny broken orange butterflies in the labonza of Harry make a sound neither crying nor singing but one that could pass for either in the garage in the rain in the night.

Harry bends to pick up the walnuts. His brother kicks him in the chin. There goes his head. Clean off. Flying down the street. Past the mall. Over Terre Haute, Indiana. Sighted by thousands in Rome, Italy. Gary eats walnut meat tonight. Make that Fielding, New Zealand. His wife covers his aching, distended, abused torso with kisses and peroxide. Gary wins. To the victor belongs the spoils. To Gary belongs the walnuts.

He don't even like 'em. Just likes to fight.

Know what I mean?



WE GOT ON THAT TRAIN SWINGING A BOTTLE BACK IN
ATLANTA AND WERE HALF-WAY CLEAR ACROSS
TEXAS...

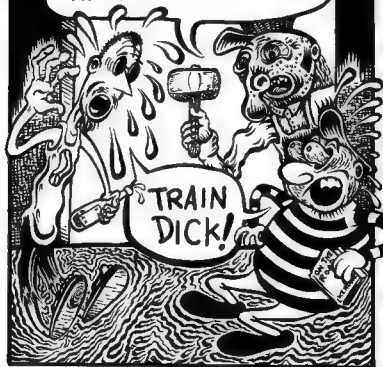
BOXCAR BEAT

©1990 ROY TOMPKINS



WHEN THE BAD RAILYARD DONKEY-
HEAD MAN CAME AFTER US WITH A
HAMMER. WE HAD TO BREAK
AND JUMP IMMEDIATELY...

GIT, YA BUMS! LOSERS
AIN'T HOPPIN' MY TRAIN!



WE WANDERED INTO NEARBY WACO...



LIKE, PAUL...DIG THIS PARKING
METER. THIS ISN'T COOL!

HUH?
Why?

MAN, ARE YOU BLIND? THIS BEAST HAS
ITS LITTLE ARROW POINTING RIGHT AT
VIOLATION... LIKE MAYBE WE'RE
ASKING FOR TROUBLE, YOU DIG?



OH! A SYMBOL,
HUH? I DIG!!

RIGHTON, PAUL. IT'S LIKE
ADVERTISING TO THE FUZZ
THAT WE'RE IN VIOLATION
OF THEIR AMERICAN DREAM!!
YOU GET SENT UP FOR LIFE
FOR THAT KIND OF SHIT!
HA HA!



GOSH!
HA HA!

FUCKIN'
ESTABLISH-
MENT!

THIS'LL FOOL 'EM... WE CAN
BUY A LITTLE TIME BY
PLUGGING QUARTERS INTO
UNCLE SAM'S BUTT!
JUST LIKE AN OLD
NERVOUS TYCOON!



HA
HA!

US TAX DRAIN, INC.

SPEAKING OF QUARTERS,
LET'S GO GET US A
FIFTH!

YEAH!

YOUR FINEST
CHEAPEST WHISKEY,
MA'AM!

6⁹⁵

BEER BEER BEER
Pils BEER
Pils BEER
Pils BEER

WHHH... WE'RE
23¢ SHORT!

DUMMY!
YOU PUT
IT IN THE
METER!

SEE HOW IT WORKS? IF YOU PAY YOUR GOD DAMNED TAX,
THEN YOU AIN'T GOT ENOUGH LEFT TO BUY A BOTTLE
OF SHIT!! SEE IF I EVER PAY MY TAXES AGAIN!

COOL IT, JODY!
LIKE, TONE IT
DOWN, MAN!

MOTHER
FUCKING
RETARDED-ASS
HICK TOWN!

YOU FILTHY BEATNIKS GET
THE **FUCK** OUT OF MY
STORE!! I'M CALLING
THE **COPS!**

I DON'T THINK THEY LIKE US IN THIS
TOWN, JODY... ALL I SEE IS
GRUESOME COWBOYS...
EVERYWHERE!

STINKIN'
SMALLTOWN
LOWLIFE!

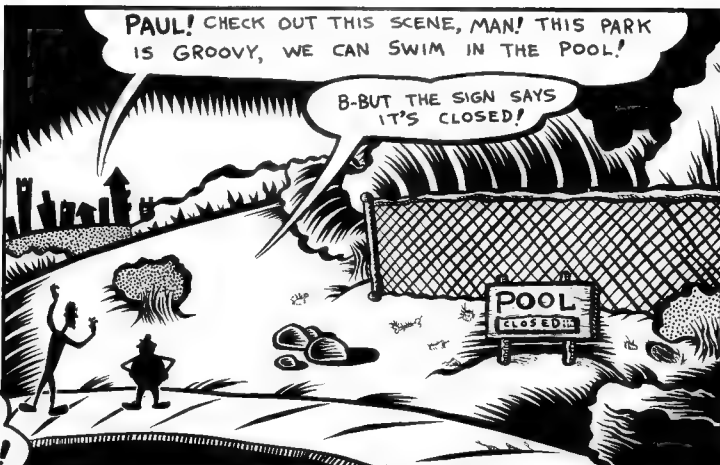
HEY! FAT
BOY! DEW
YEW WANNA
FIGHT?

JODY, I THINK IT'S TIME WE
HOPPED ABOARD THAT
LOCOMOTIVE AND HIT THE
STREETS OF CALIFORNIA

HUH! SOME
INDIVIDUALIST
YOU ARE
PAUL.

AH'M TALKIN'
TO YA,
MUTHER
FUCKWAD!

YEW LOOK
LIKE A
FAG TAME!



PAUL! CHECK OUT THIS SCENE, MAN! THIS PARK
IS GROOVY, WE CAN SWIM IN THE POOL!

B-BUT THE SIGN SAYS
IT'S CLOSED!

HAHAHA! WE PAID OUR TAX
ALREADY, SO IT'S OK TO
GO ON IN!!

AAHH! YEAH, BROTHER!
MUCH BETTER!

I JUST
PEED!

WHAT? uhhh... YEAH, I'M
PRETTY SURE
I JUST PEED
IN HERE!
SORRY!

BESIDES, WE
HAVEN'T BATHED
IN A WEEK!

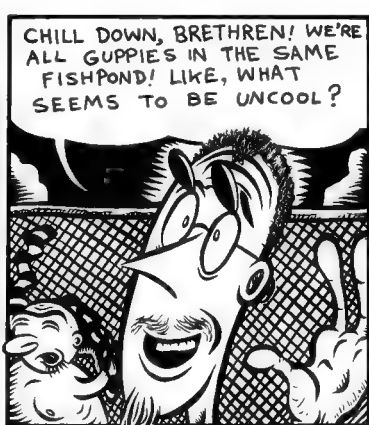
YOU SURE ARE UPTIGHT
FOR A COOL AND
LAID-BACK BEATNIK.
JODY! MELLOW
OUT, MAN!

YOU BUMS READY TA
LEAVE MAH TOWN?

COP!
ooops...

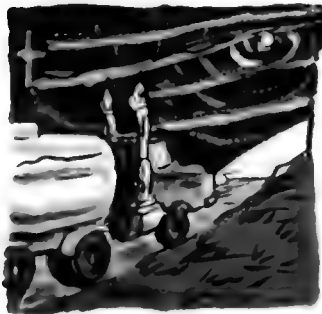
COCKSUCKING
MORON!
RUIN A FINE
SWIMMING HOLE!







YOU'RE DRIVIN' AND THINKIN' OF... HONEY...



BUT THEN A ROADSIDE PLEASURE PALACE ATTRACTS YOUR EYE...

YEH BUD STOP THINKIN' AND GET TO DRINKIN'...

SINERPLEX

YOU PARK.. WALK UP.

WALKS A BUCK



PLEASE

A COLD LOOK FOLLOWS YOU



INSIDE ... DANLERS ..

... IT'S WARM DARK



MEAN WHILE BACK HOME.....





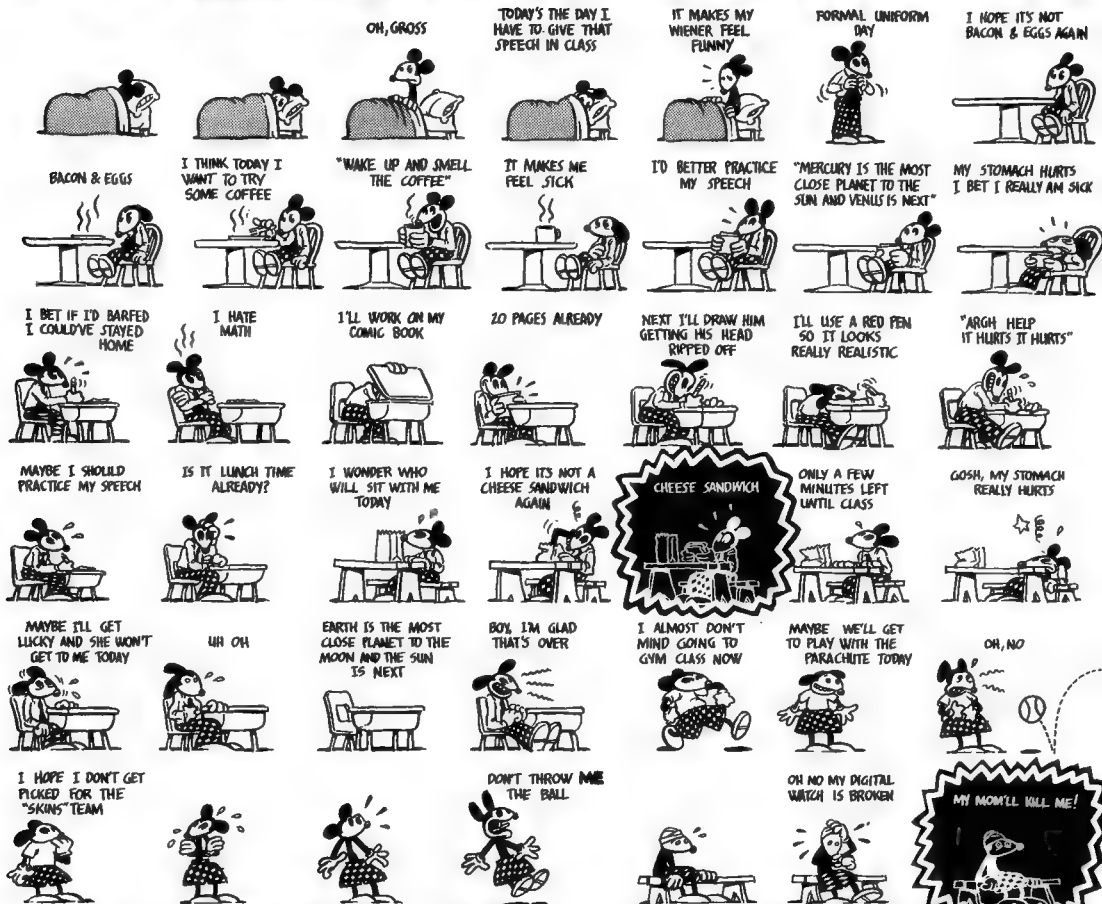


YOU LEAVE...YOU SLEEP..

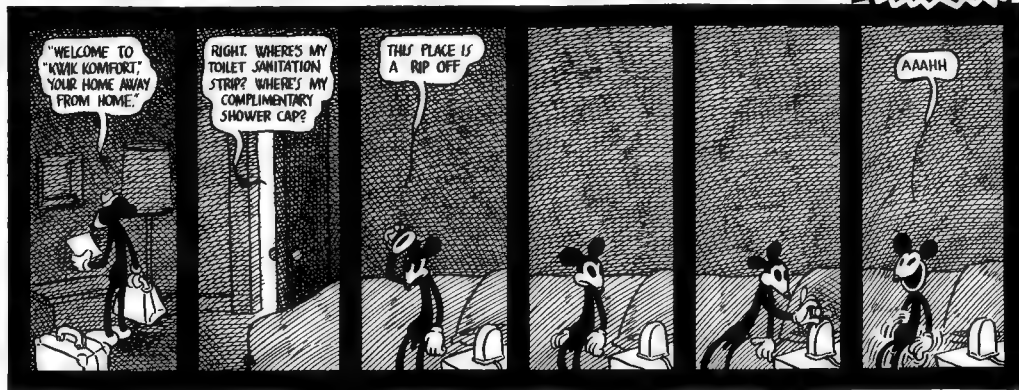
YOU WAKE UP IN YOUR TRUCK...

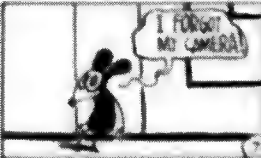
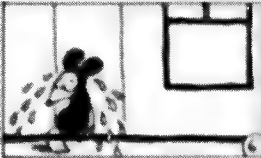


CLYDE the RAT

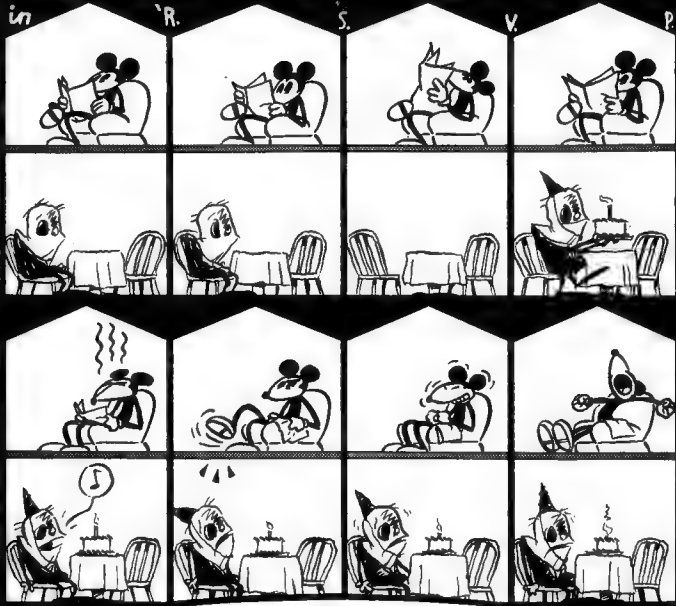


QUMBY MOUSE

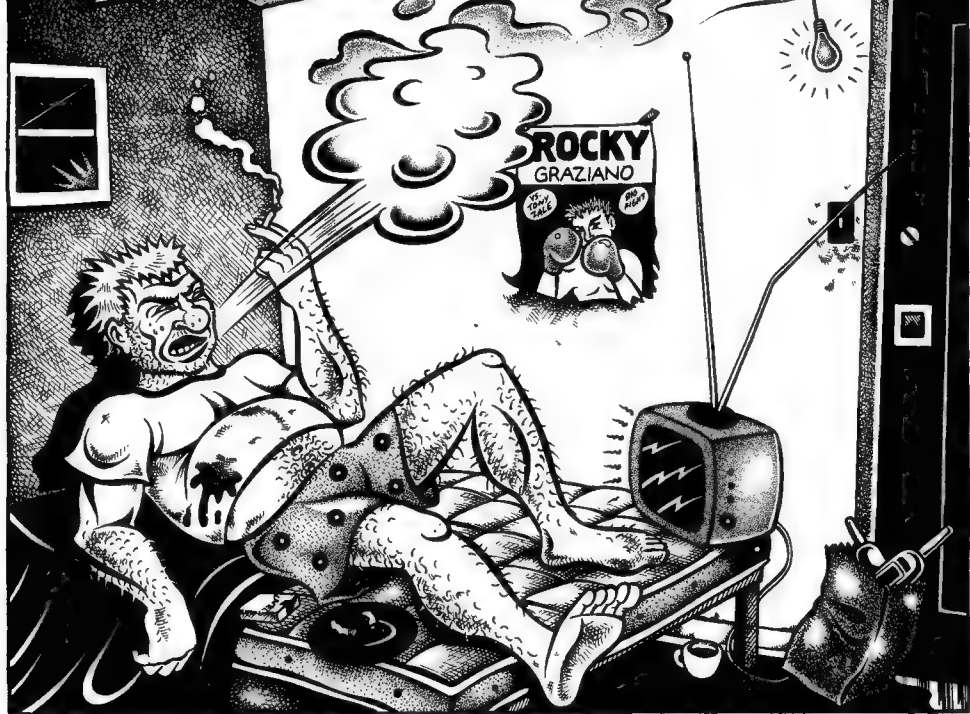




QUIMBY the MOUSE.



A MAN



By Charles Bukowski

Illustrations by Glenn Head



Sometimes the burning ash missed the undershirt and hit his skin, then he cursed, brushing it away.

There was a knock on the trailer door. He got slowly to his feet and answered the door. It was Constance. She had a fifth of unopened whiskey in a bag.

"George, I left that son of a bitch, I couldn't stand that son of a bitch anymore."

"Sit down."

George opened the fifth, got two glasses, filled each a third with whiskey, two thirds with water. He sat down on the bed with Constance. She took a cigarette out of her purse and lit it. She was drunk and her hands trembled.

George was lying in his trailer, flat on his back, watching a small portable T.V. His dinner dishes were undone, his breakfast dishes were undone, he needed a shave, and ash from his rolled cigarette dropped onto his undershirt. Some of the ash was still burning.

"I took his damn money too. I took his damn money and split while he was at work. You don't know how I've suffered with that son of a bitch."

"Lemme have a smoke", said George.

She handed it to him and as she leaned near, George put his arm around her, pulled her over and kissed her.

"You son of a bitch," she said. "I missed you."

"I missed those good legs of yours, Connie. I've really missed those good legs."

"You still like 'em?"

"I get hot just looking."

"I never could make it with a college guy," said Connie.

"They're too soft, they're milk toast. And he kept his house clean. George, it was like having a maid. He did it all. The place was spotless. You could eat beef stew right out of the crapper. He was *antisepic*, that's what he was."

"Drink up and you'll feel better."

"And he couldn't make love."

"You mean he couldn't get it up?"

"Oh, he got it up. He got it up all the time. But he didn't know how to make a woman happy, you know. He didn't know what to do. All that money, all that education—he was useless."

"I wish I had a college education."

"You don't need one. You've got everything you need, George."

"I'm just a flunky. All the shit jobs."



"...you know what a woman wants, George..."

"I said you've got everything you need, George. You know how to make a woman happy."

"Yeh?"

"Yes. And you know what else? His *mother* came around! His *mother*! Two or three times a week. And she'd sit there looking at me, pretending to like me, but all the time treating me like I was a whore. Like I was a big bad whore stealing her son away from her! Her precious Walter! Christ! What a mess!"

"Drink up, Connie."

George was finished. He waited for Connie to empty her glass, then took it, refilled both glasses.

"He claimed he loved me. And I'd say, 'Look at my pussy, Walter!' And he wouldn't look at my pussy. He said, 'I don't want to look at that thing.' That *thing*! That's what he called it! You're not afraid of my pussy, are you, George?"

"It's never bit me, yet."

"But you've bit it, you've nibbled on it, haven't you, George?"

"I suppose I have."

"And you've licked it, sucked it?"

"I suppose so."

"You know damn well, George, what you've done."

"How much money did you get?"

"Six hundred dollars."

"I don't like people who rob other people, Connie."

"That's why you're a fucking dishwasher. You're honest. But he's such an ass, George. And he can afford the money, and I've earned it...him and his *mother* and his *love*, his *mother-love*, his clean little washbowls and toilets and disposable bags and new cars and breath chasers and after-shave lotions and his little hard-ons and his precious love-making. All for *himself*, you understand, all for *himself*! You know what a woman wants, George..."

"Thanks for the whiskey, Connie. Lemme have another cigarette."

George filled them up again. "I've missed your legs, Connie. I've really missed those legs. I like the way you wear those high-heels. They drive me crazy. These modern women don't know what they're missing.

The high heel shapes the calf, the thigh, the ass; it puts rhythm into the walk. It really turns me on!"

"You talk like a poet, George. Sometimes you do talk like that. You are one hell of a dishwasher."

"You know what I'd really like to do?"

"What?"

"I'd like to whip you with my belt on the legs, the ass, the thighs. I'd like to make you quiver and cry and then when you're quivering and crying I'd slam it into you in pure love."

"I don't want that, George. You've never talked that way before. You've always done right with me."

"Pull your dress up higher."

"What?"

"Pull your dress up higher, I want to see more of your legs."

"You do like my legs, don't you, George?"

"Let the light shine on them!"

Constance hiked her dress.

"God Christ shit," said George.

"You like my legs?"

"I love your legs!"

Then George reached across the bed and slapped Constance hard across the face. Her cigarette flipped out of her mouth. "What'd you do that for?"

"You fucked Walter! You fucked Walter!"

"So what the hell?"

"So pull your dress higher!"

"No!"

"Do what I say!"

George slapped her again, harder, Constance hiked her skirt.

"Just up to the panties!" shouted George. "I don't quite want to see the panties!"



"Christ, George, what's gone wrong with you?"

"You fucked Walter!"

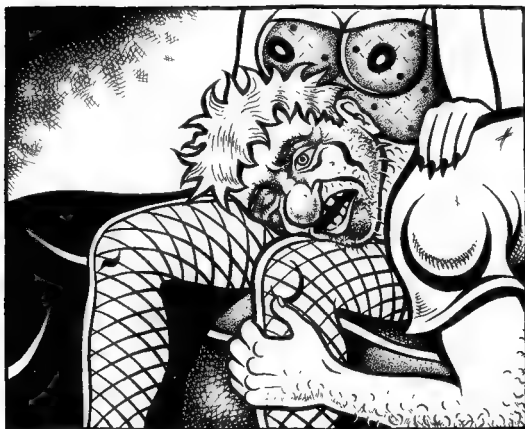
"George, I swear, you've gone crazy. I want to leave. Let me out of here, George!"

"Don't move or I'll kill you!"

"You'd kill me?"

"I swear it!"

George got up and poured himself a full glass of straight whiskey, drank it, and sat down next to



"Connie, I'm sorry, I guess I'm crazy..."

Constance. He took his cigarette and held it against her wrist. She screamed. He held it there, firmly, then pulled it away.

"I'm a man, baby, understand that?"

"I know you're a man, George."

"Here, look at my muscles!" George stood up and flexed both of his arms. "Beautiful, eh, baby? Look at that muscle! Feel it! Feel it!"

Constance felt one of his arms. Then the other.

"Yes, you have a beautiful body, George."

"I'm a man. I'm a dishwasher but I'm a man, a real man."

"I know it, George."

"I'm not like that milkshit you left."

"I know it."

"And I can sing too. You ought to hear my voice."

Constance sat there. George began to sing. He sang "Old Man River." Then he sang "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen." He sang "The St. Louis Blues." He sang "God Bless America," stopping several times and laughing. Then he sat down next to Constance. He said, "Connie you have beautiful legs." He asked for another cigarette. He smoked it, drank two more drinks, then put his head down on Connie's legs, against the stockings, in her lap and he said, "Connie, I guess I'm no good, I guess I'm crazy, I'm sorry I hit you, I'm sorry I burned you with that cigarette."



Constance sat there. She ran her fingers through George's hair, stroking him, soothing him. Soon he was asleep. She waited a while longer. Then she lifted his head and placed it on the pillow, lifted his legs and straightened them out on the bed. She stood up, walked to the fifth, poured a good jolt of whiskey into her glass, added a touch of water and drank it down. She walked to the trailer door, pulled it open, stepped out, and closed it. She walked through the backyard, opened the fence gate, walked up the alley under the one o'clock moon. The sky was clear of clouds. The same skyful of stars was up there. She got on the boulevard and walked east and reached the entrance of The Blue Mirror. There was Walter sitting alone and drunk at the end of the bar. She walked up and sat down next to him.

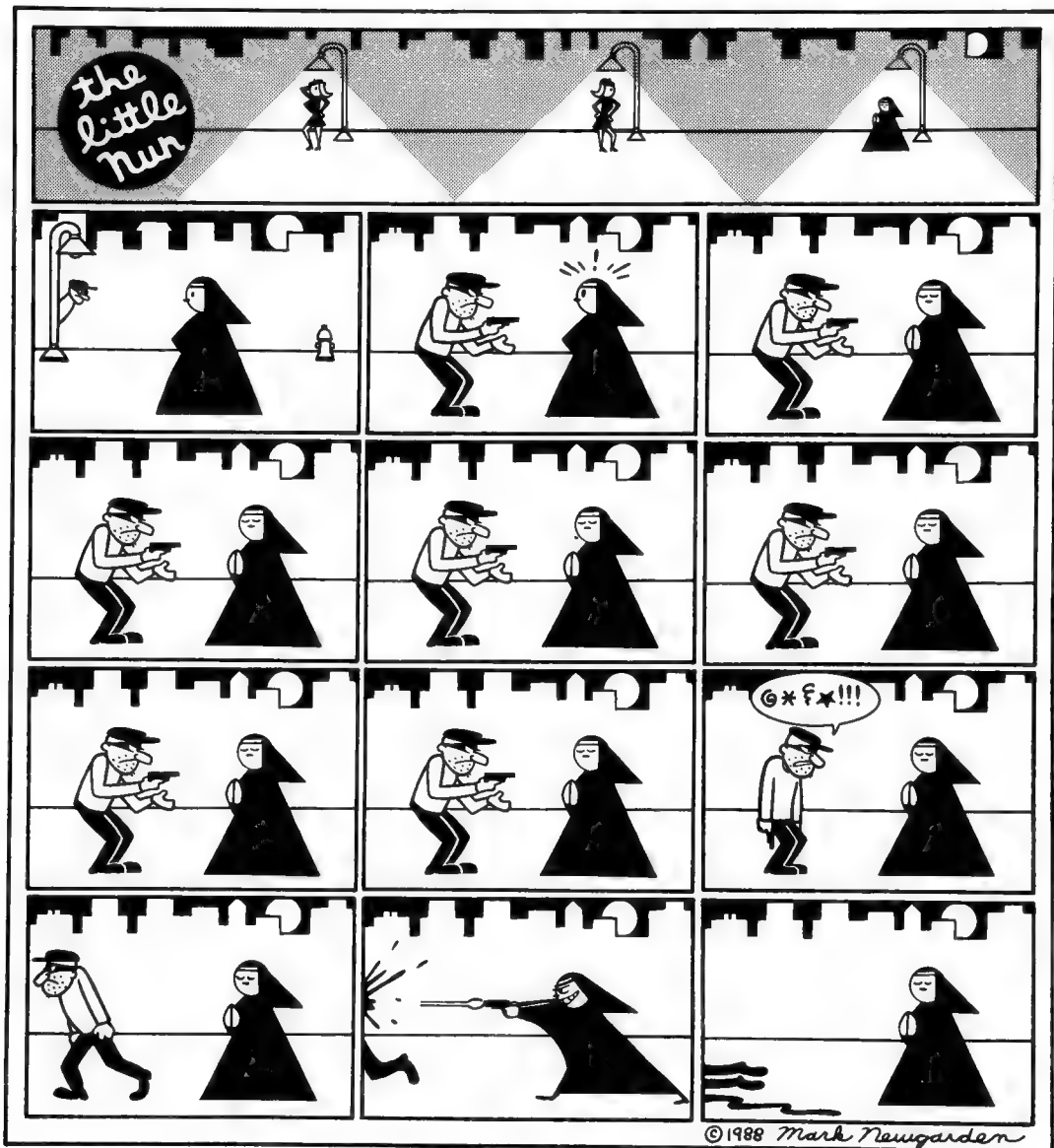
"Missed me, baby?" she asked.

Walter looked up. He recognized her. He didn't answer. He looked at the bartender and the bartender walked toward them. They all knew each other.



They all knew each other.

NEWGARDEN



ALCOHOLIC ROMANCE

BY JULIE DOUCET 1990









NEWGARDEN



The men that make you laff have no time for ordinary pleasures; never at ease, their minds are always onto the next big gag. The men that make you laff sit in the park on Wednesdays, clutching their guts, with a letter and a photo (of a blonde-haired friend), counting to three-digit numbers and weeping over what might have been. The men that make you laff are ready to move to a coast on thirteen days' notice. Any coast. The men that make you laff wonder about your childhood traumas. The men that make you laff know that there are only a finite number of jokes in the world and that these finite number of jokes are not really very funny at all. The men that make you laff commit the sorriest of suicides only to show up at their own funerals dressed like grannies. The men that make you laff gather together at all-night restaurants to show each other photographs of bruises and sores that they cut from books meant for doctors. The men that make you laff are named Sammy and Jerry and Mel and smile at strangers and freeze with their families. The men that make you laff gradually lose their own sense of humor until nothing makes them laff except cardboard boxes of Middle Eastern dried fruit and abandoned brocade. The men that make you laff play golf. Hard. Think about that. The men that make you laff nearly always become the men that made you laff.

MY FIRST 10 CARS

By Doug Allen '90



NEXT, I WENT
EUROPEAN WITH A
1971 VOLKSWAGON
BUS. IT HAD NO POWER
BUS. IT HAD NO POWER
OR HEAT, BUT CARRIED
MANY LOADS OF HOUSE
PAINTING AND ROCK
BAND EQUIPMENT ALL
OVER THE EAST COAST.

CRISIS CAN HAPPEN
AT ANYTIME

BUMPER
STICKER

REFLECTING MIRROR
FILM INSIDE REAR
WINDOWS

I'M
FREEZING

WHITE
TOP



RUST HOLES
PATCHED WITH
LATEX CAULK AND
PAINTED WITH
HOUSE PAINT.

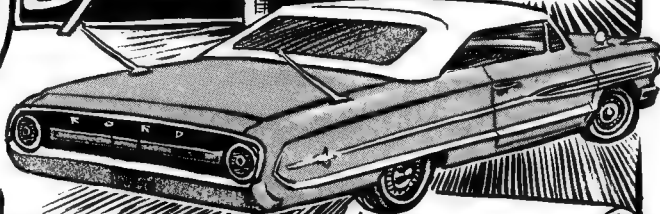
INSIDE WAS ADAPTED FOR
CAMPING WITH PLYWOOD BED,
CABINETS AND COOLER.



AFTER THE
2ND ENGINE
GAVE OUT
I SOLD IT
TO A KID
IN NEWPORT
R.I. '81

Galaxie 500

1964



MAROON WITH WHITE
TOP, RED INTERIOR



ONE OF THE
BEST CARS I
OWNED WAS
THIS '64 FORD
GALAXIE. STYLISH
AND WELL MADE,
IT WAS A GAS
GUZZLING GIANT

WOW MAN!
LAY
RUBBER!

ORIGINAL
289 V8
WAS REPLACED
WITH A
NEWER 302
WHICH ALSO
BROKE. SOLD
IT TO A GUY
WHO NEEDED
THE HUBCAPS



THE NEWEST CAR
I EVER OWNED

RUST
SPOTS



LX-
VELOUR SEATS
AND AM FM
CASSETTE

MY FATHER GAVE
ME HIS 1979 HONDA
ACCORD IN EXCHANGE FOR
PAINTING HIS HOUSE. I
DROVE IT FOR A YEAR OR
TWO AND FOUND IT
VERY COMFORTABLE
AND DEPENDABLE.
WHEN IT REACHED 100
THOUSAND MILES, IT
STARTED SMOKING AND
CRUMBLING, SO I SOLD IT.

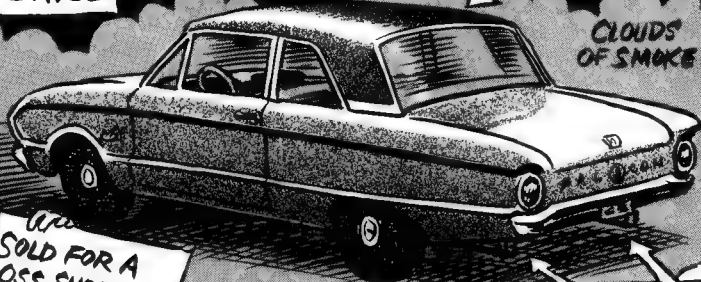
THIS
CAR DOESN'T
RATE A GIRL

THE *Falcon*

YEARS

METALLIC BLUE
REPAINT

CLOUDS
OF SMOKE



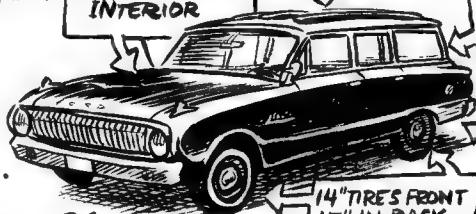
SOLD FOR A
LOSS SHORTLY
AFTER PURCHASE
WHEN IT STARTED
"CLUNKING" ON
THE HIGHWAY.

REAR "SHACKLES"
TO RAISE SAGGING
REAR LEAF SPRINGS

THIS 1963 FORD FALCON
WAS THE CLOSEST THING TO
A TRACTOR I'VE OWNED. WITH
A 3 SPEED TRANSMISSION ON THE
COLUMN, IT WENT THROUGH SNOW
WITHOUT ANY PROBLEMS. (1983)

HI, I'M
GREASY
SWIRL

BY NOW, HOPELESSLY
HOOKED ON FORDS,
I ALSO LOST
MONEY ON THIS
LOVELY 1962
FALCON DELUXE
STATION WAGON.



BLACK WITH
RED AND WHITE
INTERIOR

CHROME
ROOF STRIPS

ELECTRIC
TAILGATE
WINDOW

CHROME
SPLASH
GUARDS

14" TIRES FRONT
15" IN BACK

WHAT
A SAD
STORY

BACK
UP
LIGHT

IT'S BEAUTY
LURED SOME WOULD-
BE THIEVES TO TRY TO
STEAL IT ONE NIGHT IN
NEW YORK CITY. AFTER
BEING FOILED BY THE
HIDDEN ELECTRICAL CUT
OFF SWITCH, THEY TOOK
OUT THEIR ANGER ALL
CAR BY BREAKING ALL
THE WINDOWS. I TOWED
THE CAR BEHIND A
FRIEND'S TRUCK UP
TO PROVIDENCE
TO GET NEW
GLASS, BUT
OUT THE

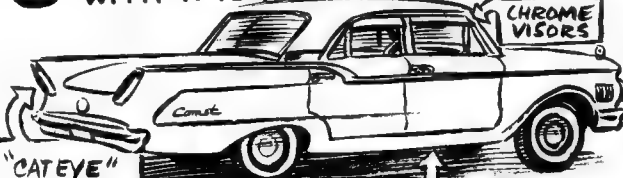
REPLACED THE
TRANSMISSION
FOR \$900 AND
SOLD THE CAR
SOON AFTER
FOR \$900 WHEN
THE REAR AXLE
BROKE FOR A
SECOND TIME.



HE SHOULD HAVE
DISCONNECTED THE
DAMNED DRIVESHAFT.

BURNED
TRANSMISSION

STILL BUYING FORD PRODUCTS, I HAD BETTER LUCK
WITH THIS \$600 MERCURY COMET FROM 1961. ORIGIN-



"CATEYE"
TAILLIGHTS

RUST FREE POWDER BLUE BODY

ALLY FROM FLORIDA,
THIS CAR HAD AN
ADD-ON AIR COND-
ITIONER, BUT NO
HEATER, WHICH I
DIDN'T NOTICE 'TIL
AFTER I BOUGHT IT.

IT RAN WELL, BUT HAD VERY LITTLE POWER DUE TO THE SMALL,
SMOKING, STRAIGHT SIX ENGINE. SOLD IT IN NEWPORT R.I.

MY FIRST CHEVY, AND ONE OF THE BEST CARS I'VE OWNED, WAS THIS 1965 NOVA TWO DOOR HARDTOP. IT WAS MUCH



REPAINTED MAROON BODY WHITE AND GOLD INTERIOR

RUST

"SS" HUBCAPS

MORE "HEAVY DUTY" THAN THE FORDS I'D OWNED. THE RELIABLE STRAIGHT SIX ENGINE WAS NOISY, BUT POWERFUL AND GOOD ON GAS.

15" TIRES

WHATAYDOOZ GIRZ DOIN HERE? FRIENDZ OF HIS?

SHIE

RANDY

NO MATTER HOW GOOD A CAR IS, I CAN'T STAND TO DRIVE IT MORE THAN A COUPLE YEARS. I MUST BUY A NEW "CLASSIC". HERES MY LATEST RUST BUCKET... \$400

RIPPED BUCKET SEATS AND AUTOMATIC CONSOLE SHIFTER

REPAINTED BROWN WITH WHITE VINYL TOP (LATER REMOVED).

CARS ARE NICE, BUT I'D RATHER HEAR 'BOUT DA GIRLZ.

THIS 1971 OLDS CUTLASS IS POWERED BY A ROCKET 350 V8. BOUGHT FROM A CZECHOSLAVAKIAN FRIEND WITH 120,000 MILES ON IT. STILL A FAST HIGHWAY CAR, BUT A RATTLETRAP NEW YORK CITY VETERAN. THE FRONT NOSE WAS REPLACED WITH ONE FROM A '72 CAR AFTER AN ACCIDENT. I STILL HAVE THIS ONE. WANT TO BUY IT?

BAD BALL JOINTS

THE END



HORNY BLOWSIT

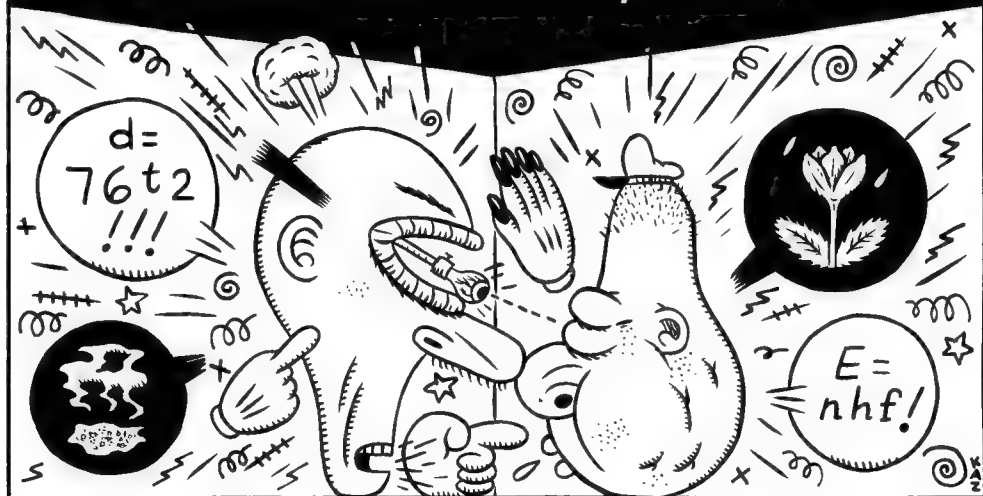






Excerpts from:

Steroids Made My Friend Jorge Kill his Speech Therapist: An ABC Afterschool Special



By Mark Leyner

- Do you believe in God?
- Yes sir.
- Do you believe in an anthropomorphic, vengeful, capricious god who can look down on one man and give him fabulous riches and look down on another and say "you're history" and give him a subarachnoid hemorrhage?
- Yes sir.
- You may take the stand. What is your full name?
- I am General Ramon Humberto Regalado Rosa Cordoba Lopez.
- General Lopez, you are descended from a very illustrious family, is that

not true?

- Yes sir. My great-great-great-great-grandfather was a nobleman in Spain in the 15th century and it was he who first discovered that the atomized saliva of hunchbacks enhances the growth of flowers. He, in fact, retained a large staff of hunchbacks to sneeze on his tulips.
- General, are those your real nails?
- Sir?
- Are those your real fingernails?
- Yes sir.
- General, you are a fucking liar!
- Objection, your honor!
- Your honor, I can see, defense coun-

sel can see, and the ladies and gentlemen of the jury can see that the General is wearing Lee's Press On Nails.

- Objection overruled, Continue.

- General, under direct examination you were asked to describe events that took place on the morning of April 26, 1987. You testified, and I quote: *I was a short, thickset man with a fleshy, brutal face. I felt bad. I had been drinking heavily the previous night and the heat bothered me. My wife was sleeping. "Wake up, stupid," I snarled, I shook her and I kissed her savagely. "You stink," she sneered. "Your breath smells like vomit."* I jabbed a syringe full of methamphetamine into her ass, which was covered with boils the size of potato pancakes. Is that still an accurate account to the best of your knowledge?

- Yes sir.

- General, it strikes me as exceedingly odd that, asked to describe a particular morning on a particular day, you would say "I was a short, thickset man with a fleshy, brutal face." Are we to understand by this that you were a short, thickset man with a fleshy, brutal face only on April 26, 1987?

- Objection, your honor. This kind of semantic nit-picking is an obvious form of harrassment. The District Attorney knows full well that the General was a short, thickset man with a fleshy, brutal face during April 26, 1987, and that he continues to be a short, thickset man with a fleshy, brutal face subsequent to April 26, 1987.

- Sustained.

- General, that afternoon, did you receive a call at the office from your wife?

- Yes sir.

- What did she say?

- She said that she thought she'd been on her liquid formula long enough...that she was so light that the static electricity from the television set was pulling her across the floor towards the screen.

- And she called one more time late that afternoon?

Yes sir.

- And what did she say?

- She said that she didn't have much time to talk, that she was tied to the railroad tracks and the Bullet Train was coming.

- And that was the last time you ever spoke to her?

- Yes sir.

- General, one final question. Do you have any tattoos?

- Yes sir.

- On what part of your body and of what?

- I have $E=nhf$ (Max Planck's formulas for the energy in radiation) tattooed on my penile glans.

- General, you are a pathological fucking liar!!

- Objection!!

- Overruled.

- General, I'd like you to look at your penile glans and read to the court what's tattooed on it.

- It says: $d=16t(\text{squared})$.

- Not $E=nhf$?

- No sir.

- And what's the significance of $d=16t(\text{squared})$?

- It's Galileo's formula for the distance an object falls from its starting point as time elapses from the instant it's dropped.

- Your honor, I have no further questions.

- General Lopez, you may step down.



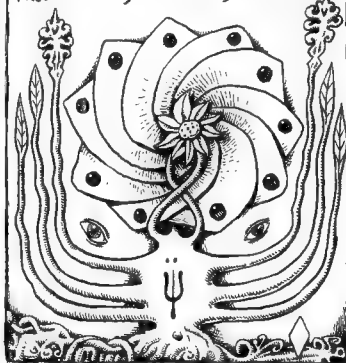
My haunted childhood was marked by a deep and mysterious solitude.



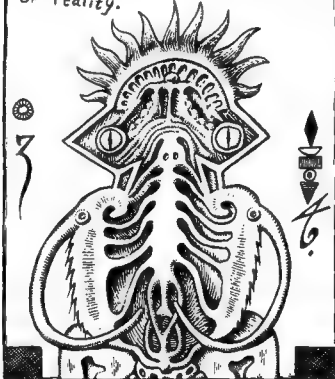
It was an indescribable bliss; a knowing of amplified vibrations in the subtlety of particles dancing to the matter of my organism.



From dawn to dusk I would roam the grassy fields and tangled woods that bordered our small farm, endlessly fascinated by our earthly spectacle.



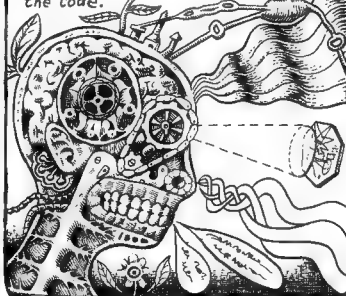
Then, at the age of nine, I made a most profound discovery, one that would forever change my perception of reality.



Under a large field stone (in an area where I had previously unearthed many amonoid fossils) I found a water-thin tablet which could not be bent or broken.



One face of this plate glistened in the sunlight (much like today's CDs) and was etched with complex diagrams, maps and text. The back was coated with a dark black substance, in actuality a living organism, whose telepathic transmissions enabled me to decipher the code.



This information led me through unexplored areas deep in the woods, over many hills and streams, until the passage of time became uncertain and tomorrow and today were one and the same.



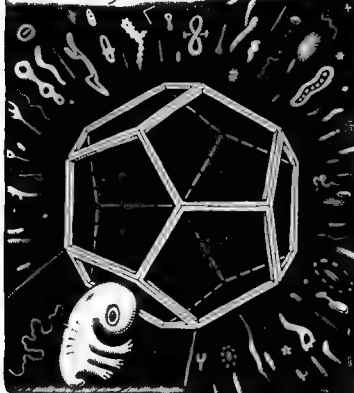
My fate thus timelessly enfolded, I suddenly found myself before a moss covered well; its carved and weed-laced lid was not there as often as it was, every other instant, modern, ancient, invisible.



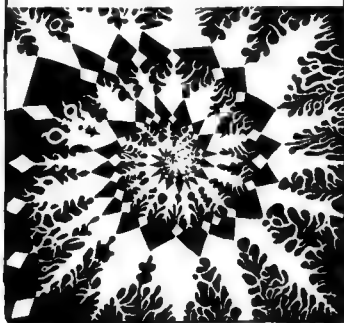
Climbing down by means of natural fissures, I became submerged in a water-filled cave bejeweled with light....



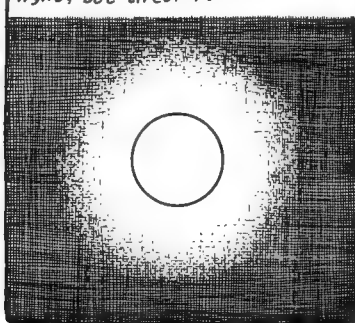
...leading shortly to an isolated
dodecahedronal air pocket
carved by laser.



Each facet-wall of this in-
credible room was a window
of spreading fractals, ever
shifting through the endless
possible, yet always the same
in restrained finitude.



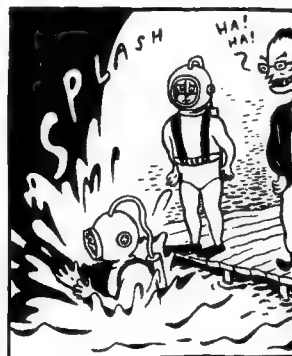
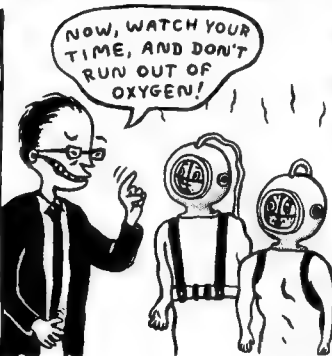
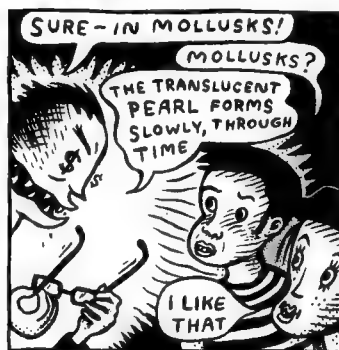
At that moment, which is in
fact all moments, I became
bodiless and all the universe
converged into an immaculate,
dense point, neither dark nor
light, but circular.

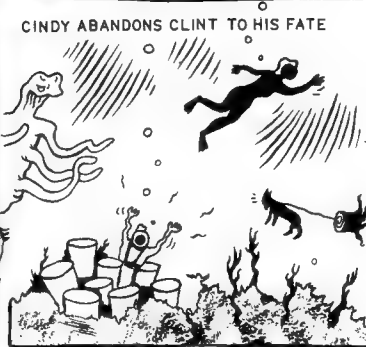
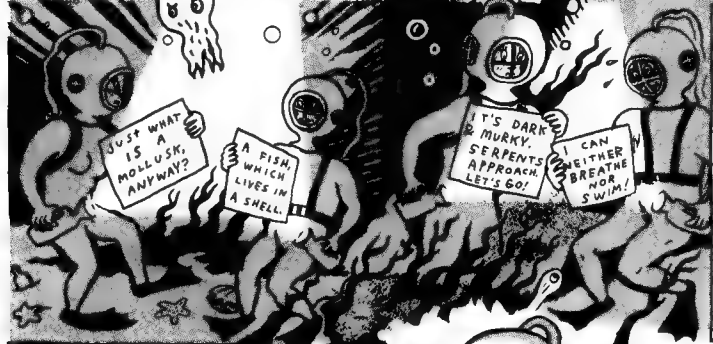
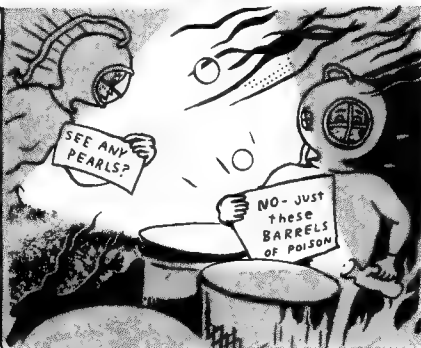
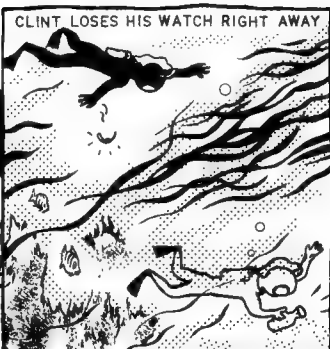


Within it
I have come to
understand that we
actively initiate the
unfolding of this reality
while simultaneously
inhabiting it. —p.s. 12

NEWGARDEN

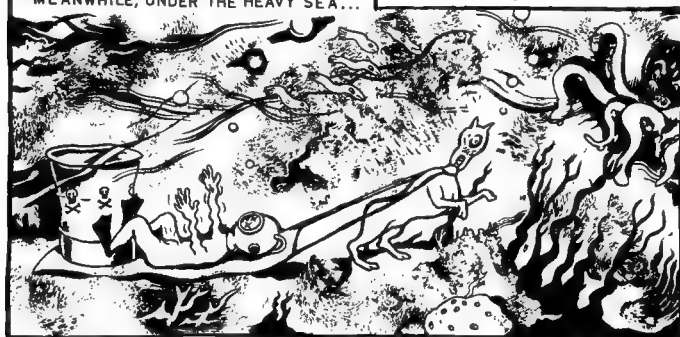


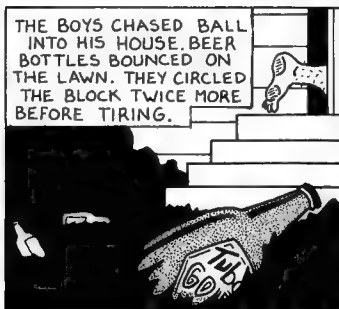
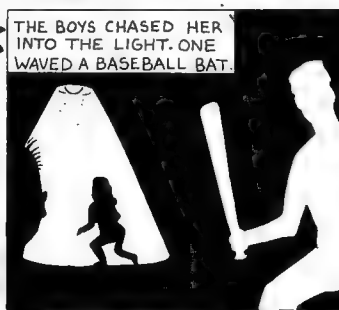
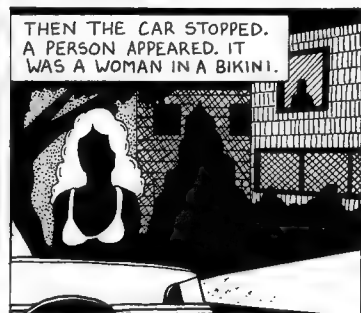
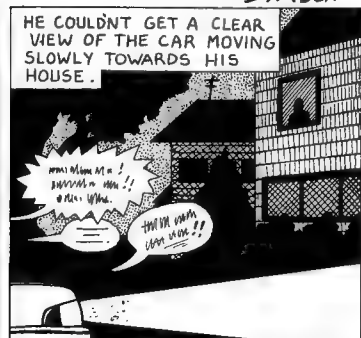
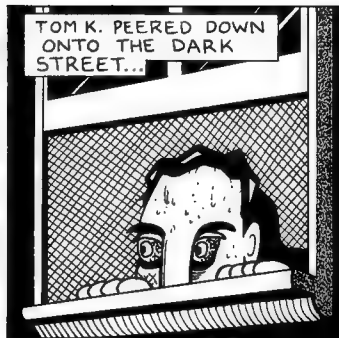






MEANWHILE, UNDER THE HEAVY SEA...

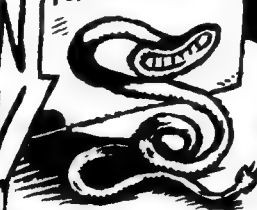




DEEP DEEP DOWN FAR BELOW CITY GROUND, DOCTOR SO AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION
CREATION, BORIS ARE WORKING AWAY IN DOC'S GENETIC MIXING
DOCTOR SO'S LOUNGE WHEN EXPLOSION ABRUPTLY INTRUDES UPON...

RECAPITATION OPERATION

FEATURING:



BORIS EEL-VIPER LEECH



THE BEEZIL

CRACKLE



BORIS, YOU OK?

YEH...
CHIEF?

SABOTAGE!
DAMN THEM.

WHAT?

MY WHOLE LIFE'S WORK DOWN
THE DRAIN... O CRUEL TWIST
OF ROTTEN FATE. WAIT... WHAT
IS?? WHO HAVE WE HERE?

SHADDAP
YA SQUIRMIN
VERMIN!
I MAY BE
SMALL BUT
I AIN'T NO
JOKE

BORIS, IT WORKED,
IT WORKED!
MY NEW H—

HEY,
HANDS OFF;
FREAK!

ARG

THE BEEZIL
DON'T BELONG
TO NOBODY.
NO BODY.

YOUR
BLOOD
IS MY
BLOOD

OK MR. BEEZIL,
LISTEN UP AND LISTEN
GOOD. YOU'RE ARTIFICIAL.
I GREW YOU. I CREATED
YOU FOR ONE REASON

AND
ONE REASON
ONLY: TO
REPLACE HIS
STOLEN

H—
HEAD?

TYPE:
B-NEG.

BZZZZZ



I USED TO BE NORMAL.



MANY YEARS AGO, I OPERATED THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED GENETIC MIXING LABORATORY. EVERY PHARMACEUTICAL GIANT LUSTED FOR A PIECE O' THE ACTION. NATURALLY, I REFUSED ALL OFFERS. I WAS SEARCHING FOR GODHEAD NOT PROFIT. ONE NIGHT, I LOST MY HEAD.



AH, BORIS... THE SPLENDORS OF UNNATURAL SELECTION

THE MASTER SCULPTOR OF THE FLESH

I WAS DECAPITATED BY SEMI-ROBOTIC GOONS



I WAS LEFT FOR DEAD. IF NOT FOR BORIS' FAST THINKING, I'D HAVE GIVEN UP THE GHOST RIGHT THEN AND THERE.



EVER SINCE THEN - CLONING A REPLICA OF MY STOLEN HEAD HAS BEEN MY TOTAL OBSESSION. NOW THAT MY ONLY MEANS OF RECAPITATION HAS BEEN BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME, I HAVE BEFORE ME BUT ONE CHOICE:

TO FIND YER OL' HEAD

AND STEAL IT BACK.

EXACTLY. LET US GO SEE MR. SQUISHY BRAIN!



THE BOSS GOON IS NOW BEHIND BARS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE. MEANWHILE, I BELIEVE MY BRAIN IS CONTROLLING RESEARCH SOMEWHERE FOR EVIL PROFITEERS

LATER



C'MON, BEEZIL,
WE'LL TAKE THIS
BLOOD VESSEL TO
THE MAIN ARTERY.



MUCH LATER IN A LONG FORGOTTEN CORNER
OF PHONEY ISLAND AMUSEMENT PARK

THERE HE IS -
OLD MR. SQUISHY
BRAIN THE
PSYCHIC
TRAMPOLINE



THIS CALLS
FOR A
COCKTAIL

I FIGHTS
TO THE
FINISH
CAUSE I
ERTS ALL
MY
SPINACH

HEY, MR. SQUISHY
BRAIN, WHAT'S
AS THEY SAY,
SHAKIN'?

JUST
GELATINOUS
SHADOW PLAYS,
SHIMMERING
IRIDESCENT
LAYERS OF
COMEDY AND
TRAGEDY FOR
MY OBSOLETE
AMUSEMENT.
NEED A
VISION,
DOC?

YES

OK LEMME GUESS:
YOUR LAB'S KAPUT -
AND YOU NEEDS A DOGGIN.



RIGHT. CAN
YOU ALLOW ME
TO VISUALIZE
IT'S LOCATION
?

OK
DOC
HOCUS-
POCUS



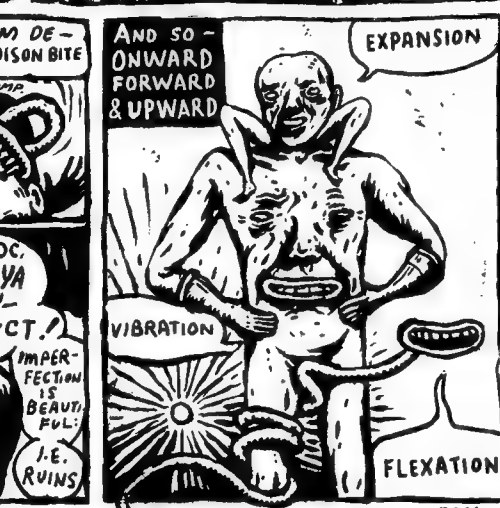
AND
SO, DOC HAS A VISION...

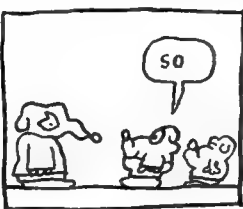


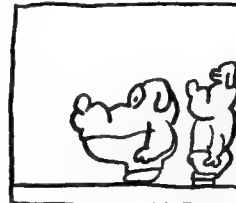
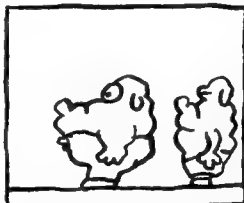
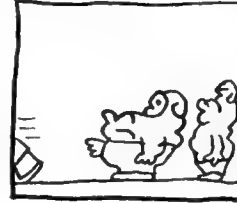
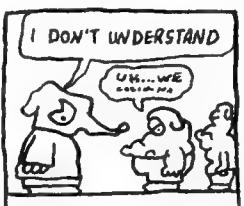
HEH-HEH

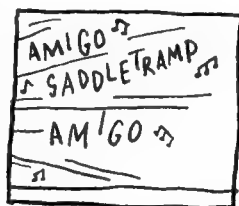
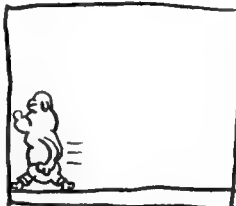
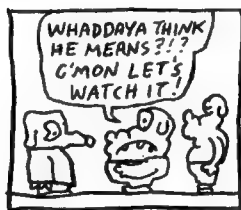
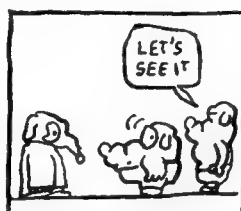
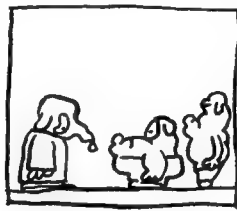
OH -
GOD,
NO!

VOO-
DOO
OB-
GYN





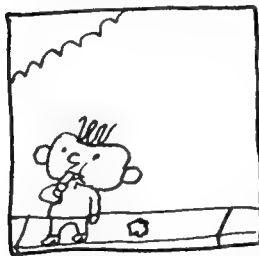
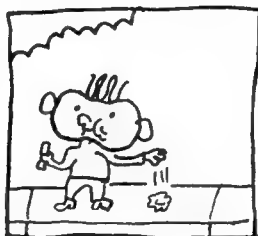




COUNTRY PAWS



gassy



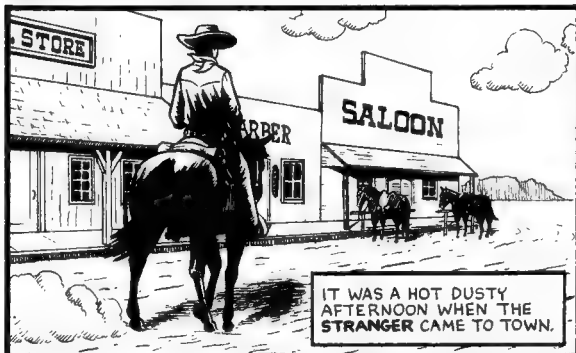
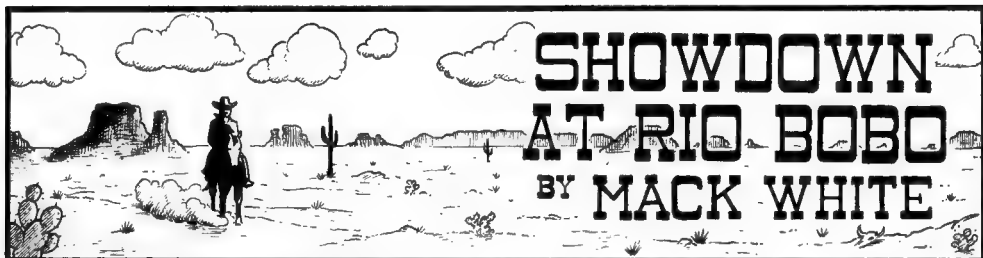
Rabid Rabbit Hand Puppets

by: Steven Cerio

they all lived in the pores on my back and fed on the salt in my sweat and they had a war to decide the softness of their bones



Psalm 104:30 You send forth your spirit: they are created and you renew the face of the earth.

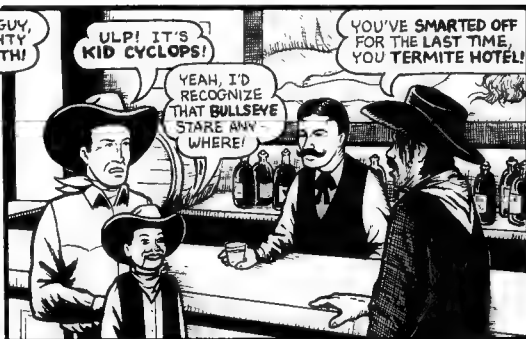


HOWDY, I'M CHUCK CARSON, VENTRILOQUIST COWBOY, AND THIS IS MY LITTLE SADDLE PAL, BOY HOWDY! GIMME A SHOT OF MILK, BARKEEP!





FOR A LITTLE GUY,
YOU GOT A MIGHTY
DAMN BIG MOUTH!



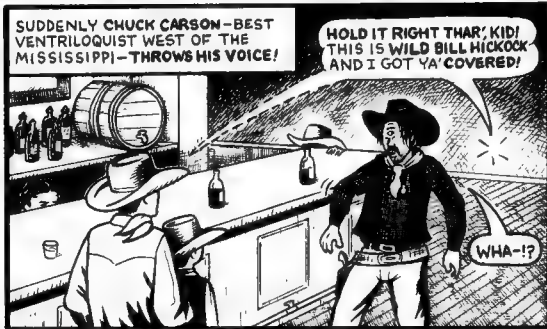
ULP! IT'S
KID CYCLOPS!

YEAH, I'D
RECOGNIZE
THAT BULLSEYE
STARE ANY
WHERE!

YOU'VE SMARTED OFF
FOR THE LAST TIME,
YOU TERMITE HOTEL!



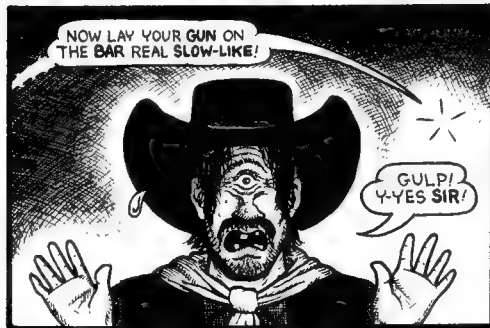
I'M GONNA'
BLAST YOU
TO SPLINTERS!



SUDDENLY CHUCK CARSON—BEST
VENTRILLOQUIST WEST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI—THROWS HIS VOICE!

HOLD IT RIGHT THAR, KID!
THIS IS WILD BILL HICKOCK
AND I GOT YA COVERED!

WHA-!?



NOW LAY YOUR GUN ON
THE BAR REAL SLOW-LIKE!

GULP!
Y-YES SIR!



CHUCK DRINKS HIS MILK
AND THROWS HIS VOICE
AT THE SAME TIME!

NOW PULL DOWN YOUR
BRITCHES, STICK ONE
THUMB IN YOUR
EAR AND STICK THE
OTHER UP YOUR BUTT!



NOW SING "I'M JUST AN
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL!"



I'M JUST AN
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
WITH MY LACES
AND CURLS...

HE SINGS THAT RIGHT
PURTY, DON'T HE,
BOY HOWDY?

IF YOU LIKE LISIN'
TO A BUFFALO WITH
ITS PECKER STUCK IN
A GOPHER HOLE!

THE
END

Pixie MEAT

BY TOM DEHAVEN - GARY PANTER - CHARLES BURNS



FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE -- TO SAVE MR. GOOTCH AND FRED FROM THE *DOOM* OF SLAVERY, DR. PALE TRACKS THE WILY VERMICULA TO THE ISLE OF LOST WORMS...MEANWHILE BUZZ HITS UPON AN IDEA.



TODAY--"PIXIE LUST!" BACK IN PAWNEE, THE YOUNG DRIFTER IS PLAYING FOR KEEPS, UNAWARE THAT KAY, DEFENSELESS AND WEAPONLESS, HAS FALLEN UNDER THE SPELL OF STUEBEN'S AWKWARD KISSES. NEXT: "MULTIPLE MURDER!"



HUMILIATED BY THE EXPOSE IN BOY'S JAZZ MAGAZINE, DR. PALE'S DAUGHTER SPENDS ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT RECOLLECTING HER *SUMMER OF SHAME*. BLEACH AROMA--OR POSSIBLY THE ODOR OF SPERM--WAFTS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW FROM THE MYSTERIOUS LAUNDROMAT FAR BELOW.



FLASH! EDD BIGGS, FAMOUS NEWSCASTER, CAN ACTUALLY SEE THE RECENTLY DECEASED-- THAT BRINKS GUARD, FOR EXAMPLE, SEATED ON A CURB WITH A HOLE IN HIS HEAD AND HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. THE NETWORK CALLS IT A "BREAKDOWN." MR. GOOTCH KNOWS BETTER...

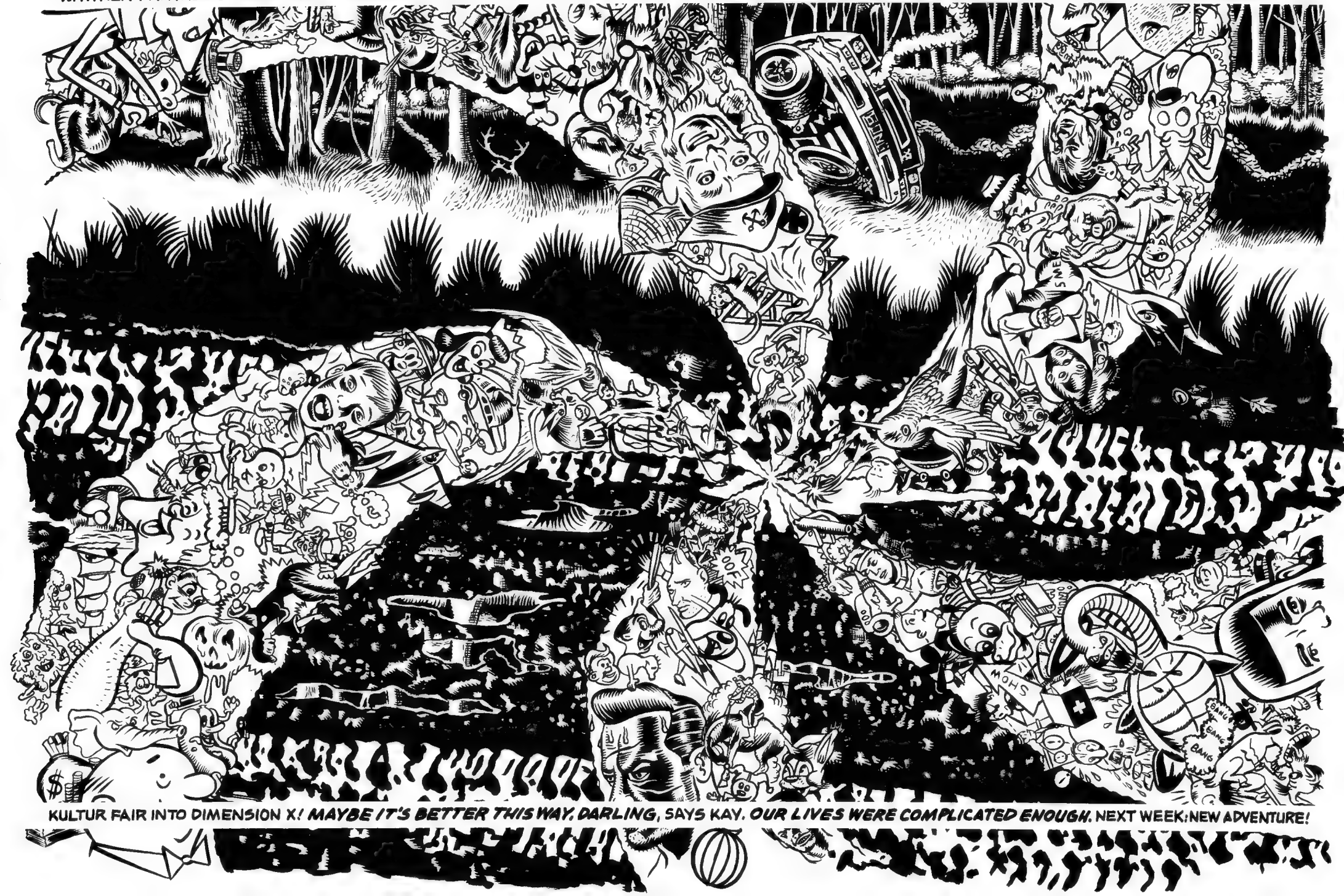


EPISODE NINE : "FIGHTING LEGION!" BEFORE EDD AND FRED AND DR. PALE CAN ARRIVE, A STRANGE MELODY REVERSES THE SEXUAL MAGNETISM--JONES BECOMES SMITH, SMITH BECOMES JONES, AND THE SAVE-MART BURNS! THE RADIOS ARE MELTING, SOMEONE SHOUTS. MELTING! TOMORROW: HOW COME?



WESTY IS STARTLED AWAKE--THAT *DREAM* AGAIN! OR...WAS IT? A MOMENT LATER, THUDS. AND A SIGHT HE'D PRAYED NEVER TO SEE IN PLAINVIEW--VERMICULA'S MILLIONS, ON THE MARCH! QUICKLY, THE BOY FUMBLES FOR HIS CODE-O-MATIC. ZZZZT! RESPOND, MR. GOOTCH, RESPOND!

WITH HER FANTASTIC MEGA-MANIA MACHINE FAILING TO FUNCTION--THANKS TO BUZZ!--VERMICULA CREATES A DIVERSION, PLUNGING **EVERYONE** AT THE



KULTUR FAIR INTO DIMENSION X! *MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, DARLING, SAYS KAY. OUR LIVES WERE COMPLICATED ENOUGH. NEXT WEEK: NEW ADVENTURE!*

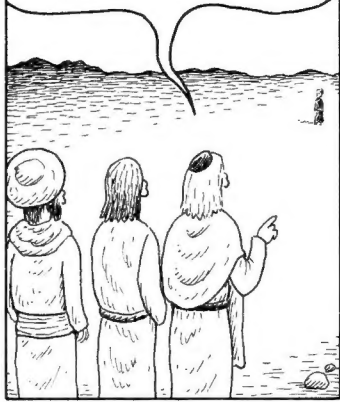


MOHAMMED JESUS & MOSES

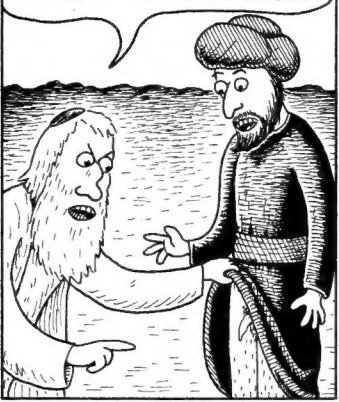
GO FOR A STROLL
©89
D. WORDEN



HEY, SOMEONE IS WALKING ON THE LAND GOD GAVE ME!



AW HA! JUST WHAT I THOUGHT - UNCIRCUMCISED!



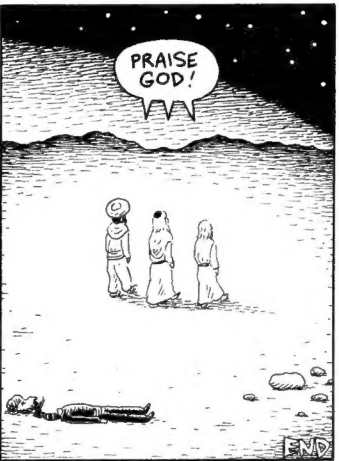
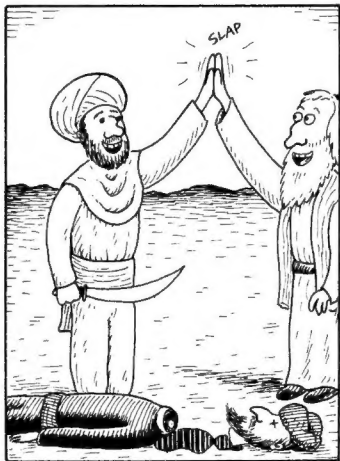
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY LAND BUDDY?!



OH! I CAN READ HIS MIND! HE DOESN'T BELIEVE LIKE WE DO! HE'S EVIL EVIL EVIL!



STAND ASIDE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS INFIDEL!



END

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'PSCHO-DELICIOUS BRAIN
CANDY SURE TO ROT THE
EYE TEETH.' Lydia Lunch

'THESE GUYS COULD
GET INTO A LOTTA
TROUBLE FOR
DOING THIS.'

Julian Schnabel
Painter

'AFTER
READING
SNAKE EYES THIS
CRAZY, TOPSY TURVY
WORLD WE LIVE IN....
STARTED TO MAKE JUST
A LITTLE MORE SENSE.'

Rockets Redglare Cult Actor

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

